The party consisted of Mrs. Ord and her family, Messrs. Brandling, Ferrers, &c., and Fanny and myself. The ladies came in carts to meet the shooters, and dined in the fields. The present owner's grandfather was an attorney at Newcastle, and had a passion for hanging himself. The first time he was cut down by his servant; the second time the cord broke; but he accomplished his purpose afterwards.

I returned for my harvest-home. The reapers here dress up a sheaf of corn like a woman, and carry it three times round the barn or the kitchen, singing:

> " Blest be the day that Christ was born!
> Here's the mell of Harry Swinburne's corn."[9]

Then there is a large kairn supper, where the master of the house used to sit at the head of the table and have his health drunk.

I send you my inscription on my well in Mazzuntil's walk:

Nympha loquitur.

Qui latices nostros, lucumque invisis opacum
Rit& loci dominum iubeas saluere priorem.
Die bona verba, precor—Quondam his errare viretis,
Floribus aut muris intentus, ut ille solebat,
Heul quoties vidi gaudentem rare paterno
Naiadibus vaga de saxo dare fraena, retortas
Per dumeta vias agere, aut arbuscula nudis[9]
Insertare iugis, gnatis querceta futura.
Defessus tandem delecta in valle quievit,